

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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My Mother

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheeks sweet kisses pressed?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet lullabies?
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And mended all I had to say?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would come pretty close to tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My mother.

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare to despise
My mother.

—Anna Taylor.

Only Two Cents

Discipline was strict in Carver & Co.'s bookstore, but there were times when it relaxed. The head of the firm was his own buyer, and went to all the auction sales of rare and valuable books. When his purchases came home, he and his secretary, Miss Reynolds, and the shipping clerk, Bert Nelson, were sure of some pleasant hours, up on the second floor.

There, while Bert opened the boxes and piled the books, and Miss Reynolds checked each lot on the auctioneer's list, Mr. Carver told them about his bargains. To listen was a liberal education, and Bert had sharp ears and a good memory.

The stories he had heard of late months had been unusually interesting. Hard times prevailed, and competitors were spending little money; but Mr. Carver kept adding to his stock. Several famous libraries went under the hammer, between October and May, and the firm took its pick from them. Then in June the auctioneers lumped a dozen consignments and announced the last sale of the season. Mr. Carver attended as usual. He surprised himself by his good fortune.

"It was a slaughter!" he told Miss Reynolds and Nelson, the day his purchases arrived. "Dealers are overloaded, and collectors won't come out in hot weather, and I got anything I wanted at my own price. The first edition of William Morris' 'Garden of Earthly Delights' I paid five dollars for it. I'll sell it for fifteen."

Bert laid the small brown volume reverently aside and took up two bundles of pamphlets, each tightly tied with stout cord.

Mr. Carver laughed. "The big bundle is 'Americana,' twenty pieces, forty cents," he said. "That made even money. Only reason why I bought the stuff, I guess, I didn't look at it."

"By the way, Nelson," he added jovially, "here's a 'Centennial of North Yarmouth Academy,' on top. You're a Maine man and a patriot. You may have the bundle for what it cost and start a collection of your own!"

"Thank you, sir, I'll take it," Bert answered.

"All right, charge him forty cents, Miss Reynolds," said Mr. Carver as he walked away. "I'll throw in a word of advice: a poor man who undertakes to collect rare books is pretty much in the fix of a ragpicker

who tries to cultivate a taste for diamonds."

Bert might have reminded his employer that, under the spell of Carver's, it was impossible not to be a collector. Mr. Morgenson, who bought everything about Lincoln, dropped in every few days at Carver's. So did Mr. Burroughs, whose ambition was to own every early American novel. Men who sought their favorite works in the first editions came thither; and here too you met men who bought anything that was old, or beautifully bound, or very rare. Listening to the talk of these men, you chose a "specialty" of your own, almost in self-defense.

Nelson had thought his a very modest ambition, when he resolved to get all the books that told about his native county. But town histories and the like are not always interesting, and after a time he decided to look also for books written by natives of the county. That ensured him some entertainment, as well as instruction. Unfortunately, it so broadened the field that he sometimes felt as if he had tied himself to an endless task.

The bundle of pamphlets fell to him on one of his days of depression. It revived his enthusiasm. There was a chance that every pamphlet in the lot might relate to his county! He could hardly wait to get home to his boarding-house before cutting the string.

It proved that the pamphlets were of all shapes and sizes, and treated of many different themes. Taking them in order, after the "Centennial," Bert found a college catalogue, an old political speech by Speaker Reed, an ancient argument for "Cheap Postage," a Massachusetts railway report, and a treatise by Junius on the public lands.

This last was a fat and spongy affair, and as Bert took it up there fell from the bottom a smaller pamphlet that had evidently been pressed against it and had adhered to it. He glanced at the quaint title-page, brown with age and use. "Increase Mather" were the first words which caught his eye.

Only half comprehending the importance of his discovery, he read aloud: "A Seasonable Testimony to Good Order in the Churches of the Faithful." He glanced at the date, "Boston, 1720." He counted the pages, twenty. Then he hurriedly hunted up a price list which, he believed, recorded the sale of a copy of this same pamphlet.

Yes, there it was fully described. That copy had brought one hundred and fifty dollars. And for this one, he had paid Mr. Carver two cents!

Somehow it occurred to him just then that profits of this kind are a fair thing in the rare-book business. Mr. Carver had expressed his willingness to sell for eighteen dollars a book which only cost five. The percentage of profit in that case was nothing to what it would be with the Increase Mather pamphlet. Bert tried to figure out a comparison. The figures blurred. He was much too excited to think about anything but his wonderful luck.

Then it struck him that this was no fair bargain. This implied understanding had been that there was nothing of exceptional value in the bundle. Would it not be a kind of theft if he violated that understanding and took advantage of an oversight?

On the other hand, suppose Mr. Morgenson or Mr. Burroughs or any other customer had found a rarity in such a package. Bert told himself that these men would keep it; in fact, any one of them would probably come back and gibe at Mr. Carver about it. But he very well knew that no customer would be given a chance to purchase a bundle before it was opened and examined. Had it not been for Mr. Carver's freakish impulse, this little brown pamphlet would now be safely in the showcase.

Then Bert tried to meet his conscience with the ingenious argument that Mr. Carver, who had a large conceit of himself, would rather lose the pamphlet than stand convicted of a foolish act. But self-conceit is one thing, and money is another; and at the bottom of his heart Bert knew that Mr. Carver would resent more than anything else the giving of a single pamphlet away at a loss.

None of the reasons that he could muster for keeping the pamphlet

seemed quite conclusive. But when he was ready to start for the shop next morning he set his lips, locked the pamphlet away in a bureau drawer and went to work with the problem unsolved. He spent a disagreeable day. Every moment he expected to hear Mr. Carver's noisy genial voice asking what he had found in the package. However, the day passed without such an incident. Bert went home, still wavering in decision, and stared gloomily for part of the evening at the little brown pamphlet. During the rest of the time he fondled it and dreamed of Mather collection.

All this was foolish and weak and wrong-headed on his part. But all collectors, whether of books or stamps or bird's eggs, will understand how he felt. They will not wonder that, in spite of his doubts, the new possession grew hourly more precious to him. And if they have ever been tempted, it will not surprise them to learn that the longer he kept the pamphlet the less he felt like giving it up.

After all, he argued, he had taken a chance on the bundle, as well as Mr. Carver. The bundle might have proved to consist entirely of worthless stuff, not worth the forty cents he had paid. That there was a treasure in it was his fortune, not his fault. But since Mr. Carver had been the unfortunate one, Bert felt inclined to make up the loss to him. He began to work very hard. He shortened his lunch hour. He made great economies in the use of wrapping paper and string. His zeal must have been conspicuous, though he did not wish to make it so.

It was an unpleasant surprise to him when, one Saturday afternoon, Mr. Carver asked the cashier to pay him an extra dollar a week.

"You are doing good work, Nelson," he said.

"But sir—" Bert began, drawing back a step. This new arrangement would conflict with rendering valuable services for which he would not be paid. "I don't like to take more money in summer, when business is dull," he explained, unconvincedly. "I wish you'd put it off till October."

Mr. Carver laughed boisterously. "All right," he said; and that was the end of the incident. But it revived Bert's doubts. If he was really sure that he was right in keeping the pamphlet, why should he refuse money that he had legitimately earned? He went home feeling unhappy, and he had no very warm welcome for Jack Murray when Jack dashed into his room. Jack had a basement bookstore of his own, and he always overflowed with information, which Bert was glad to get.

"I found some of your county stuff today," was Murray's greeting. "I'm not too proud to come to you after business. Look it over. Some of it will be new to you, I know." He stood aside and cast an eye over Bert's book shelves. He took down some of the books.

"Well, what do you know about this?" he cried, all at once. Bert saw that Jack had found the Mather pamphlet. "This is all right, this is!" Murray went on. "How did you get it? Bag it?"

"I don't understand." "That's easy. Suppose the firm sends you out to buy a lot of books, or to box up a library that has been bought. If you stumble on any trifle like this, that sort of fits into your personal scheme—well, you bag it for yourself. Lots of bright young men have helped themselves to start in business that way."

"Oh, sure," Murray agreed. "We aren't thieves in this business—and we aren't chumps, either. I suppose you don't want to let this go. I know where I would place it." Bert took a sudden resolution. "No," he said. "It belongs to Mr. Carver."

"Oh, I see," Murray's tone suggested real regret; but this only strengthened Bert's determination. Within a few minutes after Murray went away, Bert and the little brown pamphlet were on the way to Mr. Carver's hotse.

"Well, Nelson," said Mr. Carver, "I knew that the Mather would turn up sooner or later."

"How did you know I had it?"

"I don't sell packages with my eyes shut," replied Mr. Carver with his noisy laugh.

"The former owner raised a row with the auctioneers when he found they hadn't sold it separately. Then the auctioneers naturally decided that it must have slipped into a bundle. I bought all the bundles put up at that sale. Since the pamphlet wasn't in any of the others I knew it was in the one that I sold to you for forty cents."

Mr. Carver seemed so good-natured that Bert ventured to go to the point at once.

"Did I do wrong to keep it?" "Did you feel as if you were doing right?"

"Well, no—not exactly."

"Call it a test if you like," said Mr. Carver.

Every employer has to test a young man somehow. I have known all along that you had the pamphlet. If I apparently robbed myself by letting you have it, why so much the worse for me. That's what a good man people would tell you. On the other hand our bargain was based on the implied understanding that the bundle contained nothing more than a generous money's worth. That's my side of the case."

Bert nodded.

"An employee's duty is to prevent anyone, himself included, from taking advantage of his employer," added Mr. Carver. Because an employee has special opportunity for getting the better of the man that pays his wages, he should be all the more careful to be honest. I am glad you argued this case out for yourself and came to the conclusion that the pamphlet belongs to me. That's why I am going to give it to you for your own, and raise your salary besides. I take it you have not any objection, now, to accepting the raise I offered you this afternoon."

Bert Nelson flushed. "Thank you very much, sir," he replied. Then Mr. Carver held out his hand. "When you've begun," he said, "to doubt whether an action is right or not, you will always be safe in deciding that it isn't. If you stick to that rule, you may sometimes lose a little immediate money—but you'll make more in the end."

New Jersey

In honor of her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall H. Small, of Richmond, Maine, Mrs. Sara Small Temple gave a reception at her home in East Orange, N. J., on April 24th, from 2:30 to midnight. Mrs. Temple was assisted by her daughter, Lauraine, and a long succession of interesting happenings kept the guests charmingly entertained.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Frick and three sons, of Bloomfield, N. J. (Mrs. Frick is a sister of Mrs. Temple); Mrs. Lorraine Macklem and son, Mr. G. Gedney Godwin, and Rev. Mr. John Snyder, of East Orange, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gaubert, Hotel Breslin, New York City; Lieut. P. F. Waller, of Charleston, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Max Lubin and son and daughter, Mr. Alex. L. Pach, Mr. Harry Kane, and Mr. Mrs. William P. May, Miss Alice Studt, of New York City; Mr. Bernard Doyle and Miss Virginia Harnett, of Hillside, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Silverman and Miss Ida Silverman, of Newark, N. J.

At six o'clock the guests partook of the following:—

MENU
Baked Beans (New England Style)
with Brown Bread
Parker House Rolls
Pineapple and Cream
Cheese Salad
Doughnuts
Spanish Cream with Crushed Strawberries
Coffee

Mr. and Mrs. Small are a most interesting couple and are both graduates of the Hartford (Ct.) school. Though nearing eighty-four years, Mr. Small is hale and hearty. Mrs. Small is in her early seventies, but can dance better than most young girls.

The lives of this excellent couple have been unusually happy, and they have been fortunate in being the parents of three lovely women (all married), and take pride in the possession of nine grandchildren.

Information is the most valuable item in all the world—if you know how to use it.

CHICAGO

Triumphantly, from the stage of cage games, which they had occupied from 1920 to 1932, Chicago Wishbone Club stepped down and disbanded forever.

It was at Lincoln Turner Hall, 1023 Diversey Parkway, April 23d, when it took place, Wishbones winning over Capital Silents of Indianapolis, 19 to 18. From start to finish, no one could predict the final outcome, so closely was the ball played from hand to hand that when there was one last minute to go, George Saunders turned the balance with a deft basket, gaining two points for the Wishbones. Immediately, the whistle was emitted, instantly to be swallowed in the uproar of glee.

At the dance that followed, three visitors from Delavan, Wis., forty from Milwaukee, and thirty-five from Indianapolis were noted. The attendance totalled over two hundred and fifty, and there were four other club affairs in the same evening, which did not seem to have detracted its public attraction.

The first game of the evening was fought between Milwaukee Silents and Chicago Demons, a rather lop-sided affair, indicated by their scores, 32 to 16 respectively. The explanation is found in the fact that the Demons had only three regulars to offer, the other two having left town. The Demons true to the theatrical tradition, "The Show Must Go On," selected two outside players at random, without reference to their qualifications. At this juncture, the Demons wish it to be known that any basketball regulars are welcome to fill the vacancy.

The secret of the continued success of Chicago Wishbone Club is in their relentless, but consistent elimination of inferior players. In 1929, this club for the first time accepted the challenge from another deaf team—and it happened to be that of Milwaukee. Subsequently the Wishbones had fourteen meets with various deaf teams—namely, Milwaukee, Delavan, Windford Athletic Club (formerly Jipp-Chico, and now Silent Indians), Chicago Demons, Detroit, St. Louis and Indianapolis. Out of these fourteen games, the Wishbones lost but one, which had been captured by Capital Silents of Indianapolis (32 to 30) last year.

Needless to repeat, the Wishbone Club has a long record of meets with hearing teams, and the net results of their meets were in their favor, the winning being far in excess of losses. Recently, they won over Taylor Trucks 14 to 10, in the presence of 3,000 spectators. All the more interesting in view of the fact that the hearing team was veteran leaders, who had conquered Wishbones January 22d, 1930, with the score of 24 to 21, at Chicago Stadium. One-time, the Wishbones sent a challenge to House of David St. Joseph, Mich., and it was never accepted, no reason having been assigned.

The original personnel of this group in 1920 was Carter Henningsen and Ralph Weber, both who jointly gave the first start to this club, Emanuel Mayer, Odell Ballman, Clarence Magnuson (deceased 1923), Edward and John Szostowski, Edward Arado, Thaddeus Chabowski and Daniel Allegretti.

Prior to the dissolution the present membership consisted of Ralph Weber, Bob Lozano, Albert Reusman, Forrest Hoffman, Roy Coble, Henry Bruns, Gordon Rice and Edward Szostowski.

To Ralph Weber is due all the credit for the longevity and straight forward leadership of this club, and without any fear of contradiction, he could be called its loyal father. George Saunders was the most popular basket star of Auburn Park Knights of Columbus, and all Chicago K. C. champion. Bob Lozano is still playing for University Knights of Columbus. Odell Ballman, a chum of Ralph Weber and a former Wishbone, is now the business manager of Detroit Black Cats, a new basketball team. Ed Arado is the unofficial athletic manager of Silent Indians of Chicago.

Mrs. Elisabeth Solisburg, the mother of Mrs. Frederick B. Wirt, celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday with a family dinner at Aurora.

Mrs. Susie Weber, the mother of Ralph Weber departed from New York City to visit her two daughters, both married and well-established. Her

sojourn is expected to last nearly a month, and she will be accompanied by one of her daughters when she returns to Chicago, as her (daughters) will be on the road all summer, representing Ringling Bros. Circus.

A letter from Ed. Miner, helping his brother clean and repair the latter's summer cottage in Genoa City, Wis., tells many interesting details, too long and varied to print.

Mr. Keeler retired on a pension after his service of twenty-six years at the Automatic Telephone Factory. He is the first of his fellow deaf workers to retire. However, a few of the deaf workers have worked longer than Mr. Keeler, who had to retire on account of his health, being below the normal.

Alfred Arnot went on a low railroad excursion to Columbus, O., last Saturday, to visit the State school for the deaf, and also to call on his brother and his family at Chillicothe.

At the meeting of the members at the M. E. Mission Saturday, April 23d, Charles Sharpnack and M. Waro gave interesting talks on Washington's life.

Ed. Heber, of Springfield, Ill., was a visitor at the M. E. Mission, Sunday, April 24th, and returned home in the evening.

COLORED DEAF

Mr. W. R. Thomas made a flying business combined with pleasure trip to Detroit, Mich., last Saturday.

Prof. W. B. Gaston has been removed from his home in Evanston to the hospital, and at this writing there is very little change in his condition, which is regrettable news to his large circle of friends.

Mr. Harry Davis, another of our prominent business men, reports that in spite of these times of unrest, unemployment and depression, he is getting along fairly well as shotmaker.

A large circle of friends gathered at Mrs. Lottie Milbron's residence, on South Parkway, last Saturday. Card playing was the chief amusement of the evening.

THIRD FLAT.
3348 W. Harrison St.

OHIO

A news item stated that the house on Mr. Ora Surber's farm near Hillsboro was burned to the ground, and it is supposed a defective flue caused the destructive blaze. Very little was saved. Mr. Surber's loss is about \$15,000, partly covered by insurance.

Bad luck has come to Mr. Earl Wildermuth, of McClive, O., as he has been forced to lose his 60-acre farm, as he could not meet his obligations. He seemed to be getting along finely, but scarcity of money made it hard for him. He and his family are now with Mrs. Wildermuth's mother at Grelton. Mr. Wildermuth has quite a reputation as an artist, but now there's little call for paintings. We sincerely hope when times improve, prosperity will come to Earl again.

Mr. Norbert Pilliod, of Swanton, is fortunate in holding a position in his father's industrial plant as a draftsman, in addition to running a farm where he is doing well. With two means of earning a living, the wolf is far from his door.

The daily papers of Columbus chronicled the death, April 23d, of Miss Rosa Kuezi, aged 77, at the Franklin Co. Tuberculosis Sanitarium. For almost thirty years she had been a resident at the Ohio Home till a few months ago, when it was thought best to put her in the sanitarium. She was always a cheerful willing worker. The remains were taken to her former home in Ohio for burial. One brother survives.

The dinner given by the Capital City Automobile Club April 20th, was well attended and a good dinner was served to about forty persons, most of whom were deaf. Mr. Arthur Anderson, as president, was master of ceremonies and introduced the speakers. Rev. F. C. Smielau, one of the founders of the club, and Mr. J. Cooper, a representative from the Columbus Auto Club. Miss Nellie Gillespie interpreted the addresses. Mr. Cooper said that where a deaf person was involved in an accident and the case was taken before a jury the mere fact that the person involved was deaf, prejudiced the jury against him whether he were at fault or not. Truly, it seems as if there were much ignorance about the deaf among hearing people.

Mr. Cooper said that the deaf drivers in Ohio have a fine record, and there are more than five hundred of them. Mr. Cooper was glad to answer all questions asked him, and expressed himself as willing to help the deaf drivers at any time. Pictures were thrown onto a screen by Mr. Cooper that helped us all to understand the good work done by automobile clubs. Many such clubs have handsome quarters.

Rev. Smielau's remarks were good and to the point. He spoke of his correspondence with the West Virginia State road commissioner, who recently had ruled against the deaf drivers. As owners of property the deaf are taxed to keep up the roads, so why should not they have the pleasure of using them?

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society had an enthusiastic meeting at the school April 21st, and as usual agreed on plans to spend more money at the Home. Mrs. C. C. Neuner invited the members to picnic on the large grounds at her home, instead of going to the Ohio Home. Mrs. Lewis LaFountain was admitted as a member. The membership of this society is constantly growing and soon we hope to have every deaf lady in Columbus working for the Ohio Home.

Mrs. John C. Winemiller was hostess to a few friends at her home April 16th. Bridge was played, and Mr. Jos. Neutzing and Mr. E. Kennedy captured the first prizes and strange to relate Mrs. Neutzing won a consolation prize for the first time in her life. After partaking of a delicious lunch, some one glanced at the clock and said it was midnight, so all hurried homeward.

Miss Helen Wilson entertained a few friends informally at her home for Miss Lucile Jackson and Miss Izora Sutton, who were week-end guests at Miss Wilson's home. Mr. and Mrs. Samolio and Miss Virginia Thompson, of Cleveland, were among the guests, and the young folks had a grand good time together.

When Mr. George Greener was home from Boston for a few days recently all the Greener family came together at the old Greener residence at 993 Franklin Avenue—in fact it was a fine family reunion that kept Mr. A. B. Greener wreathed in smiles as he was greeted by son, daughters and grandchildren. Mr. Greener brought a box of lilies from Bermuda with him, and the home was filled with fragrance as well as happiness.

The following written by Mr. Nelson Snyder, of Dayton, tells of the death of a well-known Dayton lady:—

Mrs. Flo Howell, thirty-four, died Saturday, April 16th, at 3 A.M. after a lingering illness with tuberculosis. The Rev. Franklin C. Smielau conducted a service at the residence, 930 Richard Street, Monday evening, for the deaf population. Passages from the Bible were read by a brother of the deceased for the benefit of the hearing portion of the audience. Another service for the hearing was held at the Evangelical Church Tuesday afternoon, after which the remains were taken to their last resting place in Memorial Park Cemetery. The deceased, before her marriage to Mr. Cleaver Howell, was Miss Flo Slater.

Besides the husband she leaves three children—one daughter and two sons—a mother and other relatives. She was a quiet, unassuming woman, much liked by a large circle of friends, as was attested by the large attendance at the service and the floral tributes.

Among the most recent subscribers to the Ohio Home Endowment Fund is Mrs. Mary Corbett, of Bellaire, who sent in twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Corbett has always been a fine worker for the Home and her late husband served as a member of the board of managers for many years.

Mrs. Ella Zell has been confined to her home for over a week, suffering from the effects of a severe cold. She is gradually gaining and will soon be out again.

Mr. L. LaFountain entertained the members of the Clonian Society by telling stories last Saturday evening and thrilled them all by his fine singing.

And from accounts that must have been a wonderful dramatic reading in Akron given by Prof. Hughes, of Galaudet College, and this leads me to remark how the deaf do delight in seeing good clear signing, which seems to be grower scarcer and scarcer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sawhill, of Pittsburgh, took in the Akron reading and it must have reminded them of the many times they had seen like renditions in signs by the late Robert P. MacGregor, that great master of the sign-language.

E.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man."
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
"Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base.
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Just Comment

THERE has never been a doubt that the Chief, Special Schools Bureau, has taken a deep interest in the educational welfare of the deaf who are being instructed and trained educationally in the several schools of the State. His many visits to the New York (Fanwood) School, and his intelligent comprehension of the intricate and difficult work of turning out finished graduates, classified according to their varied degrees of attainment, is further evidenced by the subjoined communication:

"THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
ALBANY, APRIL 23, 1932

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL: Your attention is called to Sec. 26 of the Rules of the Board of Regents which reads as follows:

Diplomas.—No diploma shall be conferred which does not represent four years or their equivalent of work in a grade above the eighth year elementary school.

Very truly yours,

JOHN B. HAGUE,

Chief, Special Schools Bureau."

It is inconceivable that any of the New York State schools for the deaf have violated Section 26 of the rules of the Board of Regents. So far as our information goes, only High Class graduates have been awarded diplomas. Certificates have been given graduates from the elementary course.

It is approximately seventy-eight years ago that the State Legislature recognized the fact that some of the graduates possessed the ability to go further in mental development than the elementary studies had carried them. Therefore by an Act of the Legislature an additional term of three years as High Class students was granted to a specified number of those who had successfully completed the term allowed them in the elementary school. This wise concession by the State Legislature was a boon to the worthy and ambitious. As also it was a benefit to the State, for it enabled the school to send forth into the world a great many truly brilliant and well educated deaf, who have been quite an asset to the commonwealth.

The education of a class of children to whom the stimulative effect of sound has been denied, is a far more difficult problem than the ordinary citizen would comprehend. Taken as little children whose mental influences are so meagre that a gap of at least five years, in which no knowledge save primitive wants has been supplied, has to be bridged before their education can properly be said to have begun. As the late Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet would probably say, their school stands in loco parentis—that is, just as parents are to normal children, it is saddled with their entire enlightenment. In a word, the school for the deaf must train their every human faculty, which includes their manners and morals, their physical training, their prompt obedience to orders, their constructive skill, their industrial progress, their mental culture.

The educational achievements of a group of children that is hampered by the lacking stimulus of hearing, if high and classified, with the gift of normal endowment would have produced ability almost amounting to genius.

The Capital City

On Wednesday, April 12th, the Parish Hall of St. Mark's Church was well filled with movie fans. St. Barnabas' Mission had movies for their subject that evening. Bert Forse looked after the machine. A good profit was realized from the show and all had a pleasant evening. The next social the mission is to have will be a Strawberry Festival on Wednesday, May 11th, at Third and A Streets, S. E. Admission with refreshments will be twenty-five cents.

The regular social of the Baptist deaf was on Tuesday evening, April 19th. The Souders were in charge of the program. Rev. Bryant opened with a short prayer and movies followed under the management of Bert Forse. In between film changes a short playlet, "Real Estate," was given by Mrs. Hauser and Messrs. Hauser and Quinley. After the social program refreshments followed and all departed in good spirits.

The monthly meeting of the National Literary Society was held in the Northeast Masonic Temple. Rev. Arthur D. Bryant led the program with a lecture, "The Human George Washington." Mr. S. B. Alley gave a monologue, "In Tracks," which title if juggled enough would read R. C. Atkins, the name of his other partner.

Something new followed—a triologue "you'd be surprised"—enacted by Mrs. Werdig and Messrs. Ferguson and H. Edington. In this triologue the three bit two birds with one stone, they giving entertainment to one of the largest audiences to this society's meeting and at the same time advertising the society's bicentennial social, May 18th, they being part of the committee in charge. There will be prizes given for the best colonial costume worn by each sex, and several other prizes for games. The admission fee will only be fifteen cents, and the society has been fortunate in getting the largest amount of room space in its history, Mr. Sieverling, the treasurer of the Temple, donating this room to the society with his compliments. Anyone missing this evening will surely feel sorry. May 18th, Eighth and F Streets, N. E. Admission 15 cents, 7:30 P. M.

On April 22d, Mrs. Roy Stewart entertained the Faculty of Kendall School, and Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Craig, to a bicentennial party at her house on Park Road. Everything was of colonial trend, including decorations and refreshments.

On Saturday evening, the Washington Division No. 46, gave their long advertised play, "What a Night Mare," before a well packed house. The players Messrs. Harmon, chairman; Stewart, Wood and Werdig, did their best to entertain the audience. The four had their act centered mostly on a toothache. The acting on this tooth was so drawn out, that all in the audience began to imagine they were having the toothache too—final results: a four-inch square tooth was pulled from the mouth of Mr. Werdig by the other three. Mr. Werdig is still wondering where that tooth grew. A good profit was realized, to help fill the coffers of the division's treasury.

Mrs. Cady Burton entertained the Sunbeam Society at her apartment on Tuesday, April 26th. Business was first discussed and disposed of. Refreshments then followed, ending a pleasant evening. The society has decided to have a lawn party some time in June, on the spacious lawn of the William Lowells in Tacoma Park, the proceeds of this party to go to the church fund.

The Werdigs decided to make a second honeymoon trip, before Mr. Werdig began to get his hands too full of work. They left Washington the 24th, stopping at Wilmington, Del., to spend a few hours with the Emile Clercs. Philadelphia was their first overnight stop, staying with the Hartells. New York drew them the next day—they kept busy meeting a number of their old friends. New Haven, Ct., was their destination, where they stayed two nights with the Clarence Baldwins, visiting Hartford and the American School before they left. Thursday they were again in New York, visiting friends and stopping at the Hubert Lieberbs, both times in New York. Friday in Wilmington, Del., and Saturday home again, after taking a good look at the race track at Havre De Grace.

The District of Columbia Chapter of the Alumni held their monthly meeting in the college chapel with Mrs. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooper entertaining. Several games were played, and those attending learned quite a bit about horse racing, one game being devoted to that international sport.

The Chapter has decided to give a movie show Saturday, May 7th, in the college chapel. Proceeds of this show is to go to the entertainment fund of the chapter, to be used during the coming reunion of the association in June. The summer school following the reunion is an assured fact, over thirty enrolling for the course. All former students and their friends should not miss coming to Washington this year. Many changes have been made, and the fare is now cut almost half in al-

most every train schedule to Washington, so Washington bids you come and Gallaudet does the same, June 16th to 20th, or any time convenient.

The S. B. Alleys entertained the Charles Seaton, from Romney, W. Va., on Friday, April 29th. Former graduates and friends of the Seaton were there to talk of old times together.

The Fergusons, having moved into their new home on Van Buren Street, N. W., have decided to invite a small crowd to their home at a time, instead of having one huge housewarming party. Section one was called to their posts on April 16th, a card party filling up the evening. Many useful gifts were given the Fergusons for their new home.

Mr. Smick, from Baltimore, was a visitor to the Baptist Church Sunday, April 17th, he having come to visit his aunt, now in a critical condition in Sibley Hospital.

On Monday, April 11th, Mrs. Duncan Smoak became the first deaf woman in Washington to make an airplane trip. She left Washington on the Eastern Transport Line to fly to Richmond, Va. The trip was made in fifty-five minutes. She stayed several days visiting the Daltons, of Richmond, and then came back by plane. She reports it a pleasant sensation and enjoyed the trip very much. For those wanting to follow, the price of this trip is ten dollars for the round-trip.

Mr. Frederick Hughes went to Akron, O., to deliver "Bravo Toro" to the Akron deaf. He went by plane the early part of April.

Social schedule in brief:—
May 7.—Movies, Gallaudet College. Admission, 50 cents.

May 11.—St. Barnabas' Strawberry Festival, Third and A Streets, S. E. Admission, 25 cents.

May 18.—Literary Society Bicentennial social, Eighth and F. Streets, N. E. Admission, 15 cents.

ROBERT WERDIG.

109 13th, S. E.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. H. C. Merrill left on April 24th for Minneapolis, Minn., on business connected with his lately deceased mother's property, also to have the body removed from a vault to its last resting place. He will return home the latter part of the week. The Ladies Guild of Trinity Church held a supper in the Parish House on April 28th, which was fairly well attended. Mrs. Allan Pabst was chairman of the committee in charge, which consisted of the younger ladies of the Guild, and the excellence of the supper speaks well for their culinary skill.

The principal and teachers of the Percy Hughes School of Syracuse, where several classes are held for small deaf children, extended their hospitality to the local deaf at a card party on the evening of April 30th. The visitors inspected the school building, which is up-to-date in every respect, and all were loud in their praise of the pleasant evening tendered them. Mrs. Laura McDill Bates, formerly a Normal student at Gallaudet College, is one of the teachers in the school and engineer of the party for the adult deaf.

The moving fever has struck quite a few of the deaf families of Syracuse. Among those who contemplate moving early in May are Messrs. Carl Ayling, Albert Eaton, Rod Brown, Theo. Hofmann, Thomas Hinchey, James Shea and the Maxson family. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton who have been occupying their own farm near Marcellus, have sold the place and will make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Ayling. On account of Mr. Eaton's failing health, he was not able to keep up the farm work any longer.

Mrs. John Sears and infant daughter have returned from a several weeks' visit with the parents of Mrs. Sears at Binghamton.

The Ladies Guild held a card party on April 21st at the home of Mrs. Carl Ayling, the hostess being Mrs. Marie Kennedy. A good-sized crowd was present, among whom were Mr. Dennis Costello and John Kennedy, of Rome. Mr. Costello is sporting a swanky new Chevrolet car, and Mr. Kennedy is teaching him the rudiments of driving.

Miss Davis Williams returned to Rome on the 23d inst., after two weeks spent in Syracuse with Mrs. H. C. Merrill. Rev. and Mrs. Merrill took her in their own car, and Rev. Merrill preached at Rome, Utica, and Fulton on Sunday.

PITTI-SING

Sign Language Plan For Europe's Tourists

ROME, April 16.—A sign-language to enable tourists to find whatever they need in stations is being considered by European railroads. The suggested signs included an open trunk for the customs examination room, a suitcase for the baggage room.

A bench for the waiting room, crossed fork and spoon for the luncheon, a stamped envelope for the postoffice and crossed cane and umbrella for the lost and found department are others.—*New York Tribune.*

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By Andy Mack

One month more and then Kendall Green's student body will be studying for the third-term examinations and packing for the trip home for the summer vacation. The Seniors have finished their required graduation essays, but some are still adding final flourishes.

Among the girls, interest is centered in the annual Fashion show to be held on Fateful Friday, May 13th.

The boys, as boys are wont, are interested in the great out-of-doors. David Davidowitz, a brave Prep from New Jersey, claims the honor being the first lad to enjoy a swim in the college pool this year. Volleyball has enticed many of the boys, who go swimming to cool off after a game. Tennis has drawn an increased number of contestants.

Mr. Walter J. Krug, despite the depression, has prospered since he has a new Chevrolet sport coupe, which he is trying to run up to the 1,000 mile mark, so that he can test its speed.

Saturday, May 7th, the Alumni Association will hold a Motion Picture Carnival in Chapel Hall at 8 P. M. The feature film will be "The Ship from Shanghai," with Conrad Nagel, Louis Wolheim and all star cast. A comedy and scenes of the Army-Yale football game and some surprises will also be included. All proceeds from this carnival will go into the Alumni Association Entertainment Fund for the Alumni Reunion next June.

During the week the same boys made their start as motion picture producers. Grabill is cameraman and Mossell director. A short wilderness movie was made with campus talent. With such a varied scenery right on the campus, the boys have an idea to show the deaf world what goes on at Kendall Green. A film showing the college and its student body at work and play, would enlighten many students at the various institutions who plan to attend Gallaudet.

Sunday night the firm of Mossell & Grabill gave a motion picture show with "The Eagle of the Sea" as the feature film. Nearly all of the students attended this show.

Friday evening the regular Literary Society meeting was held in Chapel Hall. Philip Hanover, '32, rendered the opening number in the form of an original reading, "El Septimo," dealing with Spanish bull-fighters, lovers, a beautiful maiden, an indignant father, and the subsequent happy ending. For a Freshman, making his debut as a reader, Hanover performed very well. His dramatic descriptions of the characters and their actions were vivid. Considering that the story was an original one, everything was well carried out.

Gordon Clarke, '35, signed the poem "Battle Song of Gallaudet," written by Edwin G. Peterson, '28. One year in college has greatly improved the delivery of Clarke, whose fast, clear and graceful singing was remarkably good on this occasion.

"Sportsmen All" was the title of a dialogue enacted by Emil Ladner and Anton O'Branovich, two freshmen from California. The Butterfly Chase and the Fisherman, the characters they portray, meet, each at his own task, and when they stop talking, both seek other fields in which to ply their vocations.

George Brown, '34, closed the meeting with a declamation of the poem "Beyond All Things." He has always been a graceful signer, and his presence on the program only brought an evening of better than average signing to a close. Following the meeting a social was held in Chapel Hall, with Mr. John Alexander, a Normal student, as chaperon.

Campus hour, the after-supper stroll with a girl, which will make indigestion of any kind vanish, is on the daily program after a belated start: due to inclement weather. Mother's Day, Sunday, May 8th, will be celebrated by having a mixed supper.

Saturday, April 30th, the Buff and Blue Staff held their annual outing at Great Falls, Va. Twenty-one persons made the trip, chaperoned by Mr. Powrie Doctor and Miss Elizabeth Benson, and accompanied by Mr. Walter J. Krug, besides desiring to help the picnicers, also wanted to add miles to his new car. With the Misses Swope, '34, and Miller, '33, as chefs, no one went hungry. Canoeing, walking, running and wild-flower picking, were the means of diversion for all the old members of the party. Those having their first glimpse of the falls devoted most of their time viewing the scenery. Except for the drizzle of rain in the late afternoon, the weather was mild.

One evening last week letters were presented in Chapel Hall to the members of the basketball team. Captain George Brown, '35; Bilbo Monaghan, '32; Heimo Antila, '34; and Jimmy Rayhill, '35, received their "G." while Wilbur Jensen and George Walnoha, both Preps, were accorded honorary mention.

Andrew Hnatow, '32, was accorded special mention. Manager John G. O'Brien was presented with an honorary "G." Monaghan has played his last game for the Blues. Returning veterans next year include

George Brown and Rayhill, forwards; Walnoha, center; and Antila, a guard. In token of appreciation, the Athletic Association presented a fine floor lamp to Coach Krug.

Wednesday afternoon, April 27th, a day that was both cold and windy, the annual interclass track meet was held and won by Freshmen class.

Jimmy Rayhill scored 25½ points, to lead the Frosh to victory. Point scores were: Freshmen, 49; Preps, 42½; Seniors, 29½; Sophomores, 8½ and Juniors, 6.

Four records were broken during the course of the meet. George Walnoha broke the shot and javelin record again within a week. All of the new marks are expected to stand. Jimmy Rayhill added three inches to the interclass pole-vault record of ten feet, that had stood since the day of Riddle in 1925. Arlie Gray, '32, running in a stiff wind, set a new record in the two-mile. Gray, now a Senior, ran the fastest two-mile ever recorded on Kendall Green without being pressed. Had he been pushed, it is probable that his time would have been under eleven minutes.

The four-man mile relay provided many thrills. The Seniors led from the start until the last ten yards. Those Freshies, who had caused the class of 1931 to lose the meet last year when as Preps they won the relay, duplicated their feat this year. On the last lap Hnatow, anchor man of the Seniors had a lead of thirty yards, when Jimmy Rayhill of the Frosh took the baton. Hnatow kept the lead until ten yards from the tape, when Rayhill evened up with him and Hnatow, exhausted, tumbled into a heap and picking himself up, crawled across the finish line for second place. Rayhill was unofficially timed in better than 55 seconds on his lap.

Summaries:—

100 Yard Dash—Won by Rayhill, '35; Layne, '35, second; Travis, '34, third. Time 1:11.

220 Yard Dash—Won by Rayhill, '35; Layne, '35, second; Travis, '34, and Higgins, (P. C.) tied for third. Time 2:58.

440 Yard Dash—Won by Travis, '34; Lange, '32, second; Logan, (P. C.) third. Time 5:58.

880 Yard Run—Won by O'Brien, '32; Whisman, (P. C.) second; Logan, (P. C.) third. Time 2:23.8.

1 Mile Run—Won by O'Brien, '32; Mack, '33, second; Ellis, (P. C.) third. Time 5:07.6.

Two-Mile Run—Won by Gray, '32; Mack, '33, second; M. Williams, (P. C.) third. Time 11:01.6. (New interclass record, replacing that made by Mack in 1931 in 11:03.)

220 Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Leitch, (P. C.); O'Branovich, '35, second; Ladner, '35, third. Time 2:8.8.

120 Yard High Hurdles—Won by Leitch, (P. C.); O'Branovich, '35, second; Ladner, '35, third. Time 18.2.

Running High Jump—Won by Rayhill, '35, and Layne, '35, tied for first; Travis, '34, third. Height 5 feet 4 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Rayhill, '35; Hnatow, '32, second; Travis, '34, third. Distance 18.2 feet.

Pole Vault—Won by Rayhill, '35; Ladner, '35, and Bruner, (P. C.), tied for second. Height 10 feet 3 inches. (New interclass record, replacing that made by Riddle in 1925, tied by Ridings in 1925, at ten feet.)

Discus—Won by Delp, (P. C.); Walnoha, (P. C.), second; Leitch, (P. C.), third. Distance 105.53 feet.

Javelin—Won by Walnoha, (P. C.); Monaghan, '32, second; Hnatow, '32, third. Distance 180.5 feet. (New interclass record, bettering that made by Monaghan in 1931 at 159.9 feet.)

Shot Put—Won by Walnoha, (P. C.); Delp, (P. C.), second; Monaghan, '32, third. Distance 42.7 feet. (New interclass record, bettering that made by Johnny Ringle in 1929 at 37.9 feet.)

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Ranolph-Macon in the javelin, the Blues hope to duplicate the feat with LaSalle, since Walnoha is good for 180 feet, Monaghan for 160 feet, and Hnatow for 150 feet or better. Never has Gallaudet had such a good trio of javelin throwers like this year.

West Virginia

As is to be expected, many a deaf workman is worrying and wondering when

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY NOTES

Approximately \$150 was the sum realized from the January 29th Athletic Meet and Reception of the Xavier Ephpheta Society. Believe it or not, the expenses reached within \$900. But this did not phase General Manager Jere V. Fives. The profit was to his credit as an able director of such affairs. He was generous enough to share the credit with his assistant, Julius Kieckers, heads of the various committees of the evening, and the ladies auxiliary, headed by Mrs. Agnes Browne. He also spoke well of the work of all the members. This was detailed at the April meeting of the X. E. S.

At the May meeting, several additions, omissions and commissions were made to the Constitution and By-Laws, to meet an increase in membership and conform to present-day conditions. Mr. Thomas Cosgrove read the additions, which were adopted by the large assembly present. The revised order will be effective from June 1st. A donation of twenty-five dollars was made to a deserving Brooklynite with a large family, who due to the hard times, is faced with eviction from his home.

At the April meeting, a like amount was sent the Catholic Charities Committee of St. Francis Xavier Church, and acknowledged, with thanks by Rev. W. A. McCarney, S.J., treasurer of the College, at the May meeting.

In keeping with the custom of the late director, Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S.J., the X. E. S. decided on vote to continue the annual Ephpheta Sunday Mass and communion for all the Catholic deaf at St. Francis Xavier's. The mass will be held in the upper Church of St. Francis Xavier's, July 31st, at 9 o'clock, and the afternoon spent at an outing at Rye Beach. An invitation to all the deaf, as in years past, to join Ephpheta, and at this popular resort, is on duty. The X. E. S. expect to take along on bus or by boat a couple of hundred deaf from hereabouts for the trip to Rye Beach.

Between now and Ephpheta Sunday, except for the evening of May 29th, Ephphetans will enjoy a siesta. On Decoration Day eve, Mr. Thomas Cosgrove is arranging for a "movie" show at the K. of C. Institute in Brooklyn. In addition to the screen display, two valuable prizes are to be offered. The winner of either will tote home something worthwhile, and Tom expects the movies to go over big.

Miss Emily Hopping, who claims affiliation with the Chicago Ephpheta Society, was recently jubilant by the receipt of a dainty missive from an Ephpheta Sodality friend, of Chicago, telling her of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Chicago Ephpheta Sodality. Miss Hopping, whose home town is on Long Island, was anxious to let her New York friends in on the birthday of the C. E. S.

W. A. D.

The W. A. D. Committee, headed by Mr. Joseph J. Boyan, wishes to announce arrangements are being made for Field Day, to be held on the grounds of St. Joseph's Institute for the Deaf, Bronx, New York City, on Sunday afternoon, June 12th, and would be glad to get information regarding any clubs who would like to volunteer to enter the competitive races. There will be no extra charge for the entry in any of the races except the necessity of leaving the names with the committee before the program is closed on May 30th. All clubs desiring to enter races should correspond with Mr. Joseph J. Boyan, 3256 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York City, before May 30th. In the event of rain on June 12th, the games will be postponed until June 19th. There will be a competitive ball game, to be played by the members of the W. A. D. and the Union League.

Wednesday evening, April 27th, the W. A. D. Vaudeville and Dance, arranged under the supervision of Mr. Harry Armstrong, well-known Broadway stage-director, and held at the Westchester Woman's Club Auditorium, 110 Cray Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., made a splendid hit with the audience, and was excellently staged.

Through the interpreter, Mr. E. P. Clarke, of Long Island City, N. Y., Mr. Harry Armstrong announced to the audience that skaters were supposed to appear on the program, but due to an accident during rehearsal, was cancelled, so that in their place the talented children of Mr. H. Warner, the well-known movie director, were introduced and put over an excellent singing and dancing act. His daughter was an exceptionally splendid performer, and her special feat was to perform cartwheels without her hands touching the floor. Other features included juggling and dancing. One of the most interesting and wonderful feats was the act of Paxton, the memory marvel—a demonstration of scientific memory training.

Mr. Sylvan J. Riley, president of the W. A. D., is to be credited with the splendid affair given. With his committee he worked extremely hard to put the affair over—and the appre-

ciation of the audience so attested the success of his efforts. After the vaudeville, dancing was enjoyed to a late hour, to music furnished by the Armstrong Orchestra.

H. A. D.

At the Friday Evening Forum of the H. A. D. on April 29th, Mr. Marcus L. Kenner took as his topic "The Adventurous Life." This Friday, the 6th, Mr. Sol. Garson will be the speaker.

The first Sunday of the month social, on May 1st, in which part of the attendance indulged in chit-chat, while a goodly portion played "500."

Next event will be meeting of the H. A. D. on Sunday afternoon, May 15th, followed by movies in the evening.

K. L. D. BUNCO PARTY

The spacious and elegant Gym of Brooklyn Prep, 1150 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has seldom held a more happy and contented gathering than that which crowded it on April 23d, when the K. L. D. Sick and Disability Association of New York held one of its popular Bunco Parties, which are very attractive to both deaf and hearing people. Excitement reigned among the one hundred and sixty players at the forty tables in action, from the signal for the first game right up to the twentieth and final game. And what surprises and upsets.

Folks who never played the game before were wowed in front, while seasoned players couldn't understand how they happened to fall behind. That's the fun of Bunco, the uncertainty and constant changing of partners after each game provides such enjoyment that Old Man Depression is off one's mind as soon as a game starts.

Then came disposing of the spoils to the victors. One hundred and twenty-five beautiful and useful prizes were given to the successful players and fortunate non-players. The total attendance was close to two hundred, as was expected. The affair was graced by presence of Rev. F. DeS. Howie, S.J., pastor of the Brooklyn deaf; Rev. M. A. Purtell, S.J., pastor of the New York deaf, and the Rev. Stephen Landheer, C. SS. R., who conducts second Sunday services for the deaf at St. Francis Xavier's.

Last week, two deaf-mutes were held up in this city and a third one was almost frightened to death by the constant meeting with solicitors for alms.

The first holdup occurred in the subway. The victim was Louis A. Meyer. Two men with guns leveled at him demanded his money. He gave up what he had about him—twenty dollars.

The second holdup occurred at night at 91st Street. This time it was Sam Eber. As in the first case, guns played an important part, when two desperados told him to hold them up, and pointing the weapons at him. Sam made the signs "deaf and dumb," and strange as this may seem, the men made the signs "get away" and Sam, of course, was glad and got away quickly.

The third near-holdup was on Washington Heights. Joseph Peters was on his way home. He was approached by a solicitor for money, and gave the first a nickel. He was stopped again shortly by another man for money. He gave him a nickel too, and then crossed the street, thinking it was safer, but ere he had gone a block or so, a third person stopped him and demanded of him the price of food.

At the quaint little Italian Church of St. Joachim on Roosevelt Street, April 24th, a solemn mass of requiem was held in memory of the late John Stigliabotti, past president of Division No. 23, N. F. S. D., and a member of the Xavier Ephpheta Society. The pastor of the church, Rev. Arnaldo Vano, was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Constantino Sassi and Rev. Crescenjo DiPietro. Mr. William Pierce was master of ceremonies. The services, attended by several hundred of "Big John's" deaf and hearing friends, were very impressive. Many of the latter had known Mr. Stigliabotti as a boy of the parish, where his family reside.

Mrs. Sarah Leder and Miss Betty Flaccio went to Bridgeport, Ct., to see her friends on the sixteenth of last month. They had a fine time walking about Bridgeport and also visited the Y. W. C. A. for deaf-mutes. Her friends from the Mystic Oral School came down to see her, and everyone had a good time.

The Right Reverend Arthur S. Lloyd, D.D., Suffragan Bishop of New York, will visit St. Ann's Church at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, May 8th. A class will be presented to him for Confirmation, after which he will preach the sermon.

Mrs. George Donovan had an elegant luncheon party at her home Wednesday, April 27th, after which a merry afternoon was spent, playing bunco and "500." Prizes were awarded to the winners. Those present were Mrs. Ruth Radcliffe, Mrs. J. B. Gass, Mrs. E. Wolgamot, Mrs. J. Toohy, Mrs. A. Aurore, Mrs. C. Fetscher and Margery Donovan.

Mrs. Samuel Lowenber is mourning the death of her beloved mother, who died last Tuesday.

Pietro LaBarca, for a time a pupil at Fanwood, being transferred there from the Westchester school, died last week. Father Purtell, S.J., officiated at the funeral on Thursday, April 28th. Burial was at St. John's Cemetery, Middle Village, L. I.

From the Hollywood, Cal., as reported in the New York dailies, Charlie Chaplin, has selected the role of a deaf and dumb clown in his next picture—a film which will be a talkie and yet, as far as he is concerned, silent. The picture is to be titled, "The Jester."

On Friday, May 6th, at the Hudson Theatre, special 100 percent silent pictures will be shown. There will be five in all, to satisfy lovers of the silent drama.

A few of the deaf, along with the thousands of the hearing, have been employed three days of the week under the auspices of the City Employment Relief. Those who work in parks get \$16.50 per week, and others work inside of buildings for \$15 a week.

Marcus L. Kenner, the secretary of the Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, informs me that a special meeting of the Branch will be held in the Union League Hall, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, on the 11th of May.

On Saturday, April 30th, in New York City, was in acted the scene of 143 years ago, when George Washington arrived from Mt. Vernon, Va., to be inaugurated as the first president of the United States. There were parades, pageants, and in the evening fireworks from the towers of George Washington Memorial Bridge.

Mr. Louis Cohen, beloved father of Mrs. Samuel Glassner (nee Edith Cohen), died of heart trouble, at the age of 72. The funeral service took place from his residence on April 28th. He was very active, as if fifty years old, until the day before his death. He was known by several deaf people in New York and Newark.

Greater New York Branch, N. A. D.

A meeting will be held in the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th Street, on Wednesday evening, May 11th, 1932, at eight o'clock.

1. To receive the report of the Ways and Means Committee relating to the proposed 1933 Convention.
2. Nomination and election of new officers.
3. And such other matters as may properly come before the meeting. Please bring your friends.

MARCUS L. KENNER,
EDWIN W. NIES, Secretary.
President.

PHILADELPHIA

The Gallaudet Club met at the Hotel Benjamin Franklin recently, and re-organized by re-electing the old officers of the Club, as follows:—

President, J. J. Allen; Vice-President, C. Rollinson; Secretary-Treasurer, Elmer E. Scott.

Mr. Conrad F. Haeseler, who has done some meritorious work on canvas with the brush and colors, specializing in portraits, gave a reception at his home in West Philadelphia to a few friends last Saturday evening, April 30th. A pleasant social evening was enjoyed, after which ice-cream and cake were served. Mr. Haeseler intends to go back to his farm land shortly to remain over the summer. He will take up his Philadelphia residence again next fall. The place is not far away, so he may be expected to make frequent trips here. One of Mr. Haeseler's largest works is a full life size painting of John Wanamaker, the merchant prince. It may be seen in the bank building of the Western Saving Fund, opposite the Wanamaker Store, where it holds a conspicuous place. Mr. Haeseler's country address will be P. O. Red Hill, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bauer, from New Jersey, stopped in Philadelphia over Sunday, on their way to Akron, O.

Mr. Joseph S. Rodgers, who has been spending some time in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with his wife and her sister, while awaiting work at his old place, turned up here last week. He was disappointed to find there was still no work, and so may return to Poughkeepsie any time.

Mr. George T. Sanders is visiting his sister in Harrisburg, Pa., report says.

The Philadelphia Zoological Garden asks fifty cents for admission now, the highest price we have known. The price may hit the daily attendance, but the Garden can not help it, because its annual appropriation from the city was reduced from \$50,000 to \$25,000—exactly half the former amount, which is insufficient. Thus the depression is the cause of more trouble.

Pacific Northwest Services

ERUCOPAL
Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary
Cathedral, 10th Ave. N. and E. Galer St.
Seattle: First and third Sunday, 11 A.M.
Tacoma, Wash., May 8th, in Christ Church
at Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's
1:15 P.M.

The All-American Teams

FIRST TEAM

Forward.—Korach, of Colorado.
Forward.—Donehue, of Illinois.
Center.—Puzausky, of Western Pennsylvania.
Guard.—Stangarone, of Western Pennsylvania.
Guard.—Virkstis, of Michigan.

SECOND TEAM

Forward.—Teare, of Nebraska.
Forward.—Burnett, of Utah.
Center.—Jahnel, of Nebraska.
Guard.—Ingle, of Kansas.
Guard.—Kuglitsch, of Wisconsin.

THIRD TEAM

Forward.—Woodward, of Utah.
Forward.—Waxman, of Mt. Airy.
Center.—Boldt, of Wisconsin.
Guard.—DiSanto, of Western Pennsylvania.
Guard.—Elliot, of Nebraska.

Honorable mention.—Vota and Cox, of Illinois; Miklus and Woodruff, of Iowa; Ellerhome, of Ohio; Funson, of Kentucky; Cooper, of Indiana; Waters, of Michigan; Ewan, of Hartford; Watson, of Kendall; Savanick, of Western Pennsylvania; Milkas and Tucker, of Colorado; Franks, of Texas; Gambill and Whitehurst, of North Carolina; L. Amberg, of Maryland; Panella, of Wisconsin; Rice, of Missouri; Hays, of Mississippi; and Spatz, of Nebraska.

(I don't know anything about the Washington State players, but I think some of them are as good as these above-mentioned players. If I had known them, I would place some of them on the first or second team.)

It is my opinion concerning the selection of the above-mentioned players on the all-American teams in order.

If you find my selection not to your liking, better come out to Colorado if you can afford to, and take a look at me to see what a rotten selector I am! Then you can roll up your sleeves and uncork a left to my optic equipment. (Just kidding.)

The reason why I select Korach, of Colorado, on the first team, is that he is, without doubt, one of the best and brainiest players I ever saw. He tips the scale at 185 pounds, and stands at six feet, one inch. He, who is of Yugoslavian parentage, is only seventeen years old. He can easily make cut-in, one-handed, and blind shots under a basket. He very rarely does long shooting and stalling. He has two more years to finish his schooling. I don't know his decision about entering Gallaudet College. I can't tell until his graduation two years hence. His playing reminds me of that of Delmar Cosgrove, who was graduated from Gallaudet College last June. Cosgrove, who was my running mate for three years when we were in college, was the greatest sharpshooter Gallaudet ever produced. Not by way of boasting because Korach hails from my State, but for the purpose of giving you confidence in the opinion of mine, Korach is the fellow I place on the first team.

I assure you I am within my rights in commenting on "Blondie" Virkstis, of Michigan, who was chosen guard on the all-Central States team along with Donehue recently. I often read of his fine playing. His team, under the young coach named Paul "Zee" Zieske, who was once my classmate in college, has won many a game, with little losses, due to his brilliant playing. The reason why he is put on the first team is that he has had more experience than any other guard.

As to Mr. Meagher's comment on Puzausky and Stangarone, of Western Pennsylvania, and Donehue, of Illinois, I agree with him. Although I have never seen them play, Illinois and Western Pennsylvania always have strong teams. The major sport players of Western Pennsylvania loves is basketball.

Mr. Meagher must have overlooked some of the Washington State and Utah players. There are some fine players in both schools. Last year when the very strong independent club of this city, named the Piggy Wiggys, made a trip to Utah and Idaho, where we played at least eleven games in a week, I stopped at Odgen, Utah, to take a glimpse of the school for the deaf. That school had a mighty scrappy team, with Burnett, a six-foot center, in the leading role. That chap seems good to me. I place him in the forward position on the second team, because he is a sure shooter and knows how to handle a ball under a basket.

Mr. Meagher is right in selecting Teare of Nebraska on the second team. To me, Teare is not as good as he was last year—I think the injuries he got in football last fall have bothered him a lot. If Teare had beaten the Illinois team last January, I would put him on the first team instead of Donehue.—Jahnel of Nebraska is not up to standard this year. I often read the Omaha Bee about his team. He often made at least three or four baskets in every game he played last winter.

I'm glad to learn that Kuglitsch, of Wisconsin, is going to enter Gallaudet College this fall, if he succeeds in passing his examinations. I know Gallaudet always needs a lot of fine players.

I have never known of Jugle's style of playing, but I have sometimes been told about him. He has been a great help to his team for the past three years.

The "Fives" on the third team seems to be a good combination. To my way of thinking they can play equally. I wish anyone, who knows basketball a lot, can make a much better selection than mine. If so, you are welcome!

LOUIS A. DYER.

3616 Mariposa Street,
Denver, Col.

"Bouncing Betty's" Grand Trek

By Andy Mack
(Eighteenth Installment)

We came to the conclusion that the road from El Paso to Roswell, New Mexico and Amarillo, Texas to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, while shorter, was hilly and in poor condition and not worth the saving in mileage. From accurate information we decided to continue onward to Dallas, Texas and to proceed North to Omaha, Nebraska from there.

Outside El Paso the road is tree lined with many fruit vendors stalls basking under the shade. A cooling breeze helped to make us forget the warm sun. The road was all paved with asphalt-lined expansion joints at regular intervals. We quickly noticed that "Bouncing Betty" bounced or jumped up and then down every time we went over an expansion joint. Our gait became one of a cart-wheel variety, a queer rolling, stumbling pace with a jump, a thud, and then silence again every time we went over an expansion joint.

Our good road could not last forever, though, and we speedily found detours and torn up portions of highway that gave us plenty of trouble.

Rough, rocky roads full of stones, gravel, and even boulders impeded our progress. A gravel and oil road leads into the low-rolling hills of Sierra Blanca. These hills are sage covered and barren. The road, supposedly in good condition, gave us a good deal of trouble.

Nearly seventy miles separate Sierra Blanca and Van Horn, but this section of the road is in very poor condition and we had a hard time trying to keep out of the ruts without swallowing the dust lifted up by other faster and more reckless drivers who constantly passed us. After crossing the Huespeth County line, the road was hardly a road at all. They were building a new highway and the emergency road was merely a trail, with rock filled ruts to make the jolts so much the harder, and the poor motorist so much the more bitter, toward the construction gang for their slowness in building the new road.

At Van Horn in Culberson County the good road, a paved one, begins once more. About this time we halted, to look over the damage wrought by rough roads, and the result made us sweat, even though the sun had long since gone down. One of the new tires on the front wheels had been cut to the fabric.

The rubber, as big as a man's fist, was cut on three sides.

A new tire, fully guaranteed, was worthless. At Toyah, Texas, we halted for the night, going to sleep, after foraging for firewood in the dark. We had traveled 236 miles on ten gallons of gasoline, after having spent all morning in El Paso and Juarez.

Before long we were passing an oil field cluttered with rigs and tanks. Some fields were already deserted and past their prime, others were producing, and pools of sticky black material with a disagreeable smell told us that we were viewing sump holes. Gasoline prices dropped to a new low price—from nine to eight cents a gallon. We were still suspicious and could not believe that such low priced fuel was any good. Oil, oil, nothing but oil and barren country, as we went through Midland, Big Spring and Colorado.

In the afternoon tire trouble started again. This time it was with the rear ones. Once, while going up a long hilly stretch, the inner tube of one tire collapsed. And in trying to jack the wheel up the jack broke under the strain. Motorists were passing in quick succession at high speeds. It was of no use to attempt to stop any of them to borrow a jack. They would not stop. Bill, although his name is not Jack, became a human jack. With an old sweater to serve as a pad for his back, he grasped the spokes of the rear wheel and with a series of grunts lifted the wheel clear of the ground while I placed the broken jack, properly adjusted, under the rear axle.

Thenceforth whenever the jack was needed Bill became a human jack, a feat not many men can do with ease. That was one reason why a strong man was a welcomed addition to a wagon caravan in the old days, he could be counted upon to hold up the wagon whenever a wheel fell off.

Before reaching Abilene we had decided to take U. S. Highway 80 through Eastland and Ranger, rather than go by the shorter route through Albany and Breckenridge on Route 1 A.

"Bouncing Betty" was running well, although her exhaust manifold was red-hot, and we were feeling fine, so instead of stopping for the night we continued onward. This fine paved road was built, out of necessity, for the heavy trucks that haul oil-well supplies to the oil fields. Without adequate roads, the vast oil fields of Texas could never

have become world factors in the production of petroleum. Roads, good, strong and smooth roads, opened the oil fields to the world.

On this night an oil-well supply truck, hauling fifty-foot lengths of oil-well casing, was the bane of our existence. The truck was hauling a heavy load, there was no doubt about it, but the motor itself was a strong one, the driver an experienced man, the road a hilly and winding one with blind curves, and "Bouncing Betty" was proceeding at a steady pace—likewise the truck.

All the way from Ranger to Mineral Wells, a distance of about fifty miles, the oil-well supply truck kept in the middle of the road and became a nuisance. At first we did pass it several times, but whenever we halted it would re-pass us again, and finally it altogether refused to permit us to pass it, crowding us nearly off the road. The night was a lonely one with very few cars on the road, during our grim race with the oil-well supply truck.

At midnight we went through the town of Mineral Wells with the oil-well supply truck still running in the center of the road in front of us. We turned up a side road, to find a place to spread our canvas and blankets for a night's repose. Bill was very tired yet immensely happy, for hadn't he driven 392 miles in eighteen hours on fifteen gallons of gasoline? This was a record run in the number of miles driven in a day.

Early the next morning we were up and off again. Watermelons were becoming familiar to our eyes again, but we were not hungry enough to halt to purchase one. In Weatherford we discovered that in Fort Worth we would find a branch store of the organization from which we had purchased our tires in California.

Shortly after the opening business hour we strolled into the Bureau of Fort Worth, where our rough attire probably astounded the good-looking young clerk who smiled when we asked her for some information. She was very kind to us and we enjoyed talking with her. Besides getting maps and other local information, we asked her to keep her eye on "Bouncing Betty" while we walked a few blocks to have our tire fixed.

Our tire guarantee, certified it was guaranteed for twelve months against defects and extraordinary wear, or in event of failure to do this a new tire would be given with a nominal charge for ordinary wear. We argued for a moment and then accepted the offer of a new tire for a dollar. The tire had cost us \$4.37. In the end the manager laughed at us, and handed us the bill that reduced the charge to fifty cents. Beat this, if you can, fifty cents for a new tire.

Highly elated at this new turn of events, we went off hunting for Rev. John W. Michaels, the magician of Fort Worth, Texas, and Mountain-berg, Arkansas. After a lengthy search, which took us to several churches and out of the way places, we located his home and church on the other side of town. Unfortunately Rev. J. W. Michaels was taking advantage of the cooling atmosphere of the mountains in Arkansas and was not at home. We left a note for him and proceeded on our way to Dallas, after filling the tank with good gasoline selling for eight cents a gallon.

About twenty miles from Dallas we stopped at the Black Service Station at Grand Prairie to fix the magneto contact point. The owner of the station was very helpful, and upon our inquiry if he happened to know any one by the name of Beesley at that vicinity, promptly said that a family of that name did reside on a farm at Wheatland, twelve miles away by dirt roads.

We had it in our minds to visit a 1931 Gallaudet graduate, the Miss Josephine Beesley, who was one of the numerous Fowler Hall girls who laughed at our efforts to rejuvenate "Bouncing Betty" for our westward trip. We were going to show her that even such an old car could cross the Texas dirt roads without falling apart. At the service station we had to dress up a bit—at least we did shave and washed our faces. Remember that since leaving California a week before we had no bath, there being no creeks large enough to accommodate us.

After a few hours of traveling on dirt roads we found the Beesley farm, her sister and mother, but Jo herself was not at home. Like most country girls the city, Dallas in this case, had lured her into its folds. She was visiting friends there.

On the outskirts of Dallas we started to hunt for the home of Miss Geneva Florence, Gallaudet, '32, to no avail. No such address existed, according to people residing on the street of the given name. While going down Davis Street in search of the King household, both of us boys became engrossed in the study of street names. Before being aware of it, a policeman riding on the running board of a commandeered auto mobile ran us to the curb and started to remonstrate for my queer actions. He claimed I had passed a red stop light three blocks down the street, had been guilty of speeding, and had narrowly escaped a smashup.

We hadn't seen any stoplight and we could not find the right street. This was the first time during the trip that an officer of the law had

halted us. In the end we explained our position and he helped us to find the King household, admonished us not to break the speed law again and to watch the red lights.

Five minutes after reaching the King household, Jo Beesley arrived on the spot. She had seen us coming her way, as she was heading for town and had retraced her steps. Even though the afternoon was a very warm one, she was wearing gloves, a habit acquired through the influence of Dean Elizabeth Peet at college.

In no time we were invited to a picnic to be held by the deaf of Dallas at a public park that evening. We motored to Miss Florence's home where we surprised her. Our load of junk in the back seat suffered materially from rough handling as the girls scrambled on top of the fruit cake, bread, eggs, fresh fruit and groceries. Those Texas girls are no light package of femininity and our cardboard boxes were flattened considerably.

We assembled at the White Rock Park for a picnic supper. On our part we did nothing except have a good time with the girls, chat and eliminate hunger from our system. While Bill was disporting with the young ladies, I sought to tighten the front spring perches, because for the past two days the body swayed perilously when I sat on the fender. No amount of tightening seemed to remedy the condition and with the approach of dusk I thought the spring was all right.

We spent a night of jolly entertainment, with a band of colored minstrel musicians playing airs and then taking up a collection. Among those present was Mr. and Mrs. Troy E. Hill and their son. I lost no time in getting acquainted with Hill, and we told choice anecdotes of our trip, and before being aware of the passing of time it was nearly midnight—and we were still in a large city and very tired. Miss Florence, Bill's classmate, requested us to stay overnight at her home. Reluctantly, for we were in tramp attire, we accepted.

On the way home from the park we lost our way, being too excited from the good time to pay much attention to the road. Just as we were trying to get our bearings, Mr. King in an old Ford met us and offered to lead us to the right road. When we arrived at the Florence home, we weren't yet ready for bed.

Then for the first time in a week, all the way from my home 1600 miles away, we had a bath in the finest bathroom we encountered throughout our 9,000 mile trip. Bill took his bath first and the Florence family, not quite used to having tramps descend so suddenly upon them, naturally chatted with me. Bill must have been transformed from a coal man into a golden-haired angel by the bath, because all of the girls could not refrain from playing with him before bedtime. The architect of the bathroom deserves a medal, because it was the best bath we had in the best bathroom we entered during the summer.

Sunday morning we were given a typical early Texas breakfast, after having slept on a bed that was so soft it seemed as if we were sleeping on air. While yet early, we turned to "Bouncing Betty," and promising to see Miss Florence in Washington in the fall departed for Omaha, Nebraska.

(To be continued)

John O'Keefe Retires

Mr. John O'Keefe, of New Haven, Ct., a product of the American School for the Deaf, is now taking a well-earned rest. On August 31st, last, he completed fifty-three years of honest and faithful service with the International Silver Company of Wallingford.

On the day he was to retire, he was presented with a diamond button pin by the president of the company, who complimented him on his remarkable record. Then Mr. O'Keefe went around shaking the hands of his many old and new friends, who later gave him a gold piece.

Then, with tears in his eyes and slow steps, he went out through the door and took a last look at the factory where he had worked for so many years and took the train for New Haven, where he is now living at the St. George Hotel.

He is not worrying where the money will be coming to pay for his room and meals and cigars and newspapers, for the company sends him a pension every month.—S. in New Era.

Hoover Visits Gallaudet College

We were informed by Rev. J. W. Michaels, on his recent visit to our school, that President Hoover visited Gallaudet College not long ago, and at the invitation of President Hall remained for lunch. On the honorific guests' remarking on the excellence of the cooking, so our reverend friend said, President Hall surprised him with the information that the cook was a deaf negro girl.—The Alabama Messenger.

It never occurs to an honest man to assure you that he is honest.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 724 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mrs. Florence Thomas and her niece, Miss Florence DeLong, took a trip out to Oakville on April 17th, to see their old home and folks.

"The solo, 'Saviour, Lead Me,' rendered at our service on April 17th, by Mrs. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, was not only serenely given, but was very captivating as well. Mrs. Lloyd was a former Toronto girl, and still retains her sagacious personality.

After bringing the remains of her deceased sister from New York City to her old home in Bobcaygeon, Ont., for burial, and then visiting in that town for a week, Mrs. Harry Gamble, of Wallaceburg, came up to this city, on April 18th, and spent the day with Mrs. W. R. Watt and at "Mora Glen," ere returning home on the evening train.

Miss Evelyn Durant spent the weekend of April 9th, at her old home in Guelph. She went up under beautiful Italian skies, but returned amid a heavy deluge of April rain that Sunday evening.

Mrs. John Drew, who went down to Ottawa for a visit two weeks' previous, returned home on April 17th. Mr. Drew, who went down for a few days, returned home with her.

The largest turnout at our West End Sunday School that has been seen in many years greeted Mrs. J. R. Byrne on the morning of April 17th, and, by the way, it was Mrs. Byrne's first appearance there in over twelve years. Strange to say that at her last appearance there, her late brother, Mr. Philip Fraser, had charge of the service, and when Mrs. Byrne began her address the other morning she mentioned the interest her late brother took in Sunday School work. Her long absence was due to the serious condition of her daughter, Dorothy. However, Mrs. Byrne, on this occasion, gave one of the finest versions of the Old Testament that we have enjoyed in a decade. Her graceful gestures also helped in a great measure.

Our services on Sunday, April 17th, were of exceptionally descriptive character, when Mr. Howard J. Lloyd, of Brantford, deeply enlightened the large turnout to the vast difference between the common army soldier of this life and a faithful soldier of the Cross. The former has to be trained and equipped, furnished and fitted for the arduous and dangerous work in the trenches, while a Cross Bearer must have patience, meekness, faith and a resounding heart for the spreading of the gospel. It certainly was a well-delivered sermon.

Mrs. William Cameron, who has been undergoing treatment in the Western hospital for several months past, has now been removed to the Sanatorium Hospital on Hamilton Mountain, where we hope she will receive better treatment.

Messrs. A. C. Shepherd, F. E. Doyle, H. E. Grooms and H. W. Roberts, of the postoffice department, were all up on their annual examinations on postal laws and regulations on April 20th and 21st, but the results of their efforts will not be known for three or four weeks at least.

The doings at the closing social of our Bridgen Literary Society, which was held on April 23d, will appear in full in your next issue.

Mrs. Fannie Boughton, we regret to say, was unable to attend the closing social of our Bridgen Literary Society, of which she is an ardent member, on account of having her teeth removed, pursuant to her doctor's orders, but hope she will soon be around again.

We regret that Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston and George S. McLaren, of Raglan, who came up to attend the funeral of their sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, on April 22d, could not remain over and meet their many friends at our church the Sunday, April 23d. George McLaren had just recovered from an attack of "flu."

The Young People's Society held its first banquet, a splendid affair in every way, on Saturday evening, April 16th, to celebrate the closing of the season's programme in the gymnasium of the Evangelical Church of the Deaf. All but three of the members were present, and so were eight visiting guests. The table was tastefully decorated and the victuals just the right sort, and much enjoyed by all. Some of the leading members replied to toasts to the King, and the Country, the Y. P. S. and the lady members. The guests also spoke a few words of encouragement. In less than half an hour after the close of the banquet, the members worked like bees, with the result that everything was cleared up and laid in its proper place. At eight o'clock sharp, all the members and outsiders, went into the lecture hall, where Mr. H. J. Lloyd, of Brantford, who was to give a talk on his experiences, as one of His Majesty's Canadian soldiers at the front in the last world war, made an interesting exhibit of his trophies and souvenirs of that great war. He kept the large crowd rapt with attention to his graphic description of how he first made up his mind to serve the Empire by enlisting in a Brantford battalion, and how he had to be trained into a veteran before being allowed to go as one of the relief men to the front trenches. He told several laughter-

provoking stories of his sea sickness on the transport "Olympic." Of his training during his one year's stay in an English camp, from a raw recruit into an experienced soldier and bomb thrower, and of vermin in the front line trenches and sleeping quarters. He vividly described bomb-raiding parties, of which he was a member, on "no-man's land" into German front line trenches, also of fights between English and German planes in the air, of which he was an eye witness and of gas attacks. He was shell-shocked and therefore, taken out of active service, only to become an orderly to an army chaplain, and also to assist stretcher bearers and the like. He saw the famous Hindenburg line trenches heavily laid with cement, which was practically invincible until the mighty British tanks attacked and smashed them, thus clearing the field for open warfare, which finally led to the retreat and defeat of the German army along the whole line several hundred miles long. Time went so fast that he found he had not given half of his intended lecture, having talked for nearly three solid hours. Therefore, it was arranged to engage him again for a similar talk in the near future. Then the Young People's Society wound up its winter activities with a most hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Lloyd for his kindness and also to several other persons, whose unselfish assistance had made possible the success of this banquet.

HAMILTON HUMORLITES

Mr. John B. Stewart, who has not been feeling any two well for some time past, is now progressing nicely. He went down to Toronto on business lately, where he formerly worked.

The writer regrets she was unable to attend Mr. Tate's fine lecture on April 17th, owing to illness that confined her to bed, but is now up again. The members of Wesley United Church invited Mr. James Tate, of Toronto, to conduct our service here on April 17th, and he gave a real simple sermon on "Mary Magdalene meeting the Risen Jesus" that, in his clear and vivid way of using the sign-language was much enjoyed, and "tumps him as a brilliant 'Eli' of the future, directing many an enquiring soul to its destiny.

Miss Gladys Holt, one of our young aspirants in the song reciting line, very gracefully rendered the solo, "Trusting Jesus, that is All." In this way many a young aspirant is encouraged to take up the Cross and labor in His Vineyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner gave a delightful party on Saturday evening, April 16th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Tate, of Toronto, and, needless to say, the evening was most pleasantly spent in different games that amused all, followed by tempting refreshments, so liberally provided by our "Lady Bountiful," Mrs. A. L. Moreland, the good mother of our own Jack Moreland. Mrs. Moreland is deeply interested in the welfare of the deaf, with whom Jack is associated. Not only did she provide the eats, but insisted on giving prizes as well, which were both won by Mr. and Mrs. James Tate, respectively. To inject some consolation, two booby prizes were provided out of our association funds and went to Miss Gladys Holt and Mr. Thomas Clow, respectively. All were a very happy crowd.

KITCHENER KNOCKS

At home again and doing very well is Mr. Charles Golds, Sr., after his recent treatment at the K. and W. hospital, where he had been confined for a few weeks. We are glad to note this.

Mrs. Lucille B. Moynihan returned home from a visit to Brantford on April 19th, after a five-days' sojourn in the "Telephone City." On her way down she took home a little boy to his mother, after he had been visiting his aunt, who lives near Mrs. Moynihan.

Mr. Newton Black, who was laid off from his job some time ago, is still keeping up the "millionaire tactics" at this writing, and Mr. Thomas Williams has been experiencing the same feeling for the past three months.

We rejoice to mention that Mrs. Ida C. Robertson, of Preston, is out again and gaining rapidly under this salubrious and balmy spring air.

ACTON ACTIVITIES

A short time ago, Miss Frances Kenney and her sister, Nora, of the Guelph General Hospital staff, went down to Toronto on business for a day. While there, Frances met her hearing friend, Miss Mildred, the youngest sister of Miss Mabel Kerr, who was formerly on the staff at the Belleville school, when the Kerr family lived in Belleville until they moved to Toronto about six years ago. Many of the deaf in Ontario will recollect their old friend, Miss Mabel Kerr.

We hear that the family of Douglas Cox, who is now a pupil at the Belleville school, expects to move to Guelph this coming summer or early fall. When he becomes a resident of the "Royal City," there will then be four deaf ladies and one gentleman living in that city.

Miss Frances Kenney had the pleasure of meeting her old deaf friend and former resident of this town in the person of Mrs. Vernon Woodward, of St. Williams, who was up this way for a few days attending the funeral of her sister, Mrs. John Laverty, who lived at Monck. Mrs. Woodward was looking very fine and cheerful, in spite of her heavy bereavement. Her sister,

Mrs. Laverty, was formerly Miss Lily Lawson Smith and was Mrs. Woodward's oldest sister. She passed away from an attack of pneumonia, that set in a week previous to her demise. She was born in 1867 and married John Laverty, of Rockwood, in 1893, and they had one child, now Mrs. Joseph Colbeck, of Toronto, and five grandchildren, Misses Lorna, Merna, Calva, Laveria and Elverna Colbeck. At the funeral the choir chanted the deceased's favorite hymn, "I Can Hear My Saviour Calling," while the solo, "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," was most touchingly sung by Mr. Boyle. Mrs. Woodward and other relatives have our most heartfelt sympathy.

SPRINGVALE SPECIALS

We regret to report the death of Mrs. Thomas Craddock, of Mudstreet, sister-in-law of Mrs. Thomas D. Crozier, of this burg, who died on April 12th, in her eighty-third year, Mrs. Crozier and her son, George, attended the large funeral on April 14th.

It is just a year ago since Mr. Thos. D. Crozier heard the Supreme Call and went to the Great Beyond. To his memory his widow, Mrs. Mary Crozier and family wait this tribute—

Into our hearts your vision creeps
More like an Angel's psalm,
That soothes our fevered spirits
Into an infinite calm.

It quiets our pain and sorrow,
It drives away all strife,
And brings a round of harmony
To this discordant life.

THE SUMMONS CAME

Another of our beloved and well liked friends has gone the way we all must eventually go—to lasting eternity, via the lowly grave, and then the triumphant entry into the mansions prepared by Divine Hands. During our late Bible Conference at Easter, Mrs. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, came in to attend our meetings and greet her many friends, and no one could surmise that her time would soon be up. But this life is uncertain. Shortly afterwards Mrs. McLaren was taken ill and double pneumonia set in. In this state she battled on, and with the loving care of her only child, Mrs. George J. Timpon, she seemed to be on a fair road to normalcy and the darkening clouds of worry and fear began to shift. However, when she had rid herself of this pneumonia, and was in hopes of being around once more, a sudden attack of heart failure seized her somewhat frail form, and in spite of the best medical care and nursing attention she finally breathed her last at nine or ten on the morning of April 19th, in her seventy-second year. The funeral, very well represented, took place on April 22d, from the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Geo. J. Timpon, on Horner Avenue, in Long Branch, to the beautiful Park Lawn Cemetery on the west banks of the Humber River, overlooking Toronto. A very impressive service was conducted at her late home by the Rev. Mr. Dalby, of the Etobicoke Baptist Church, giving a beautiful sermon on the great hope, we all can look for through the redeeming power of the Holy Spirit, and counselled the family and relatives to bear courage and strength and all the departed ones will be intact in one great compact number of day. For the benefit of the large number of deaf present, both relatives and friends, Mrs. J. R. Byrne, gracefully interpreted, even interpreting the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," that was sung by the hearing friends, and when Mrs. Henry Whealy rendered the hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" in her solemn way, Mrs. Byrne again interpreted it orally for the benefit of the hearing crowd, and many an unbidden tear was shed. The pallbearers were previously chosen by the deceased where she had her premonition of her death, and her family acceded to her wish. Her three deaf friends, Messrs. John S. Bartley, George Elliott and Herbert W. Roberts, a loving friend of the family, were mentioned and tenderly bore the body of the deceased to the waiting hearse and then to the grave at the cemetery.

The late Mrs. McLaren was born near Thornburg, Ont., and on coming of school age, was sent to the old Hamilton School for the Deaf, but had not been there very long when that institution was razed by a bad fire. Then she was sent to the new Belleville school, when it was opened in 1871. On her graduation she continued to live in Thornburg until wooed and won by Mr. Charles McLaren, of Raglan. Her maiden name was Miss Martha Theakston, and these two were happily married in Thornburg on June 5th, 1895, and spent practically the whole of their married life at Raglan. To this union but one child was born, Marie H. McLaren, who became a fine young lady with a mastery knowledge of the combined language, though possessed of all her faculties, and has often acted as an interpreter to the deaf. She subsequently married Mr. George J. Timpon, of Toronto. At the marriage of Mr. McLaren and Miss Theakston, thirty-seven years ago, the bride had her sister, Miss Ida Theakston, as bridesmaid, while the groom had his deaf brother, Mr. George S. McLaren, of Raglan. The bereaved husband is also a graduate of the old Hamilton school, that was located in Dundurn Castle, and he is now in his eighty-fourth year, bearing up under such a heavy loss. Among the deaf

and close relatives from afar who were noticed at the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston and George S. McLaren, of Raglan, to whom the deceased was a sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ormiston and son, of Oshawa (nephew and niece), and a number of the deceased's relatives from Thornburg and elsewhere. To the bereaved ones we extend sincerest sympathy and wait these lines of comfort—

Now far beyond where glory waits
She quietly wings her way,
Where life is tranquil by His love
And night is always day.

Where from this life of strife and toil
She'll bask in Heaven's Sun,
And gaze upon the wondrous works
That were by God begun.

And tread the rosy pathways
On Heaven's velvet ground,
And pluck the rarest flowers
His Angels plant around.

And in that realm of beauty,
Where it is vernal spring,
She'll hear the enchanting music
Which we rejoice to sing.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

In renewing his subscription for the JOURNAL, Mr. J. W. Gee, of Lipton, Sask., says he is so pleased with the weekly news appearing in this paper, that he seems to be actually in touch with all his deaf friends.

A son was born, on April 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, of Flint, and all's going well. The mother was formerly Miss Rachel McLaren, of Smith's Falls, Ont.

A daughter was also born lately to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Batho (nee Mona McFarlane), at the latter's old home in Eastwood, four miles east of Woodstock.

At the trial of James McKay, of Hamilton, in connection with the death of his wife, in an argument, two deaf witnesses, Vera and Albert Salmon, of that city, gave corroborative evidence. They are sister and brother and graduates of the Belleville school. Herbert Gottlieb acted as interpreter.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Shah Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal'
The great mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, was a stern ruler and hard man. Any person who stood between him and his ambition or desires was either crushed out of existence or ruthlessly swept aside. He heartlessly destroyed political enemies and did not hesitate to resort to poison and the dagger—when murder of opponents offered what seemed to be the easiest solution of his problems.

The only gentling influence in his life was that exercised over him by his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal. After the manner of the moguls in India, Shah Jehan had a number of wives—but only one of them was the wife of his heart and his soul. That was the wife of his youth—the kind, gentle, spiritual Mumtaz Mahal—to whom he was betrothed at fifteen years of age, when she was only fourteen, and to whom he was married five years later. From that time, 1610, until her death in 1629, Mumtaz Mahal held the love of Shah Jehan. Betrothed in childhood, Shah Jehan was only a prince at the time of his marriage. But he was ambitious and with development of factions in the territory over which his father ruled, he entered upon a career that carried him early to the throne. Through that trying period of his life, Mumtaz Mahal was ever the helpful wife—and after he became mogul emperor she continued to help him with wise counsel and restraining influence that held him back from excesses of cruelty that would have blighted his name forever.

Throughout the years of their marriage Shah Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal were truly lovers.

While she lived there was no room in his heart for any other woman—and after her death his love held loyal. On her passing, Shah Jehan was inconsolable. He found no interest in life, with her gone—his hair turned white in a few short months—and he, who had loved splendor of pomp, became careless of his appearance and went in plainest raiment. His love for Mumtaz Mahal was all that was left him—and that love moved him to order the building of the Taj Mahal to the honor and the glory of his dead wife.

So, at his bidding and under the direction of architectural geniuses, employed by him, there rose outside Agra the beautiful structure that today holds place as one of the world's great wonders.

Twenty thousand men labored for twenty-two years in the building of the Taj Mahal—at a cost variously estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

In that exquisitely beautiful structure, the beloved Mumtaz Mahal was laid to rest and there, beside her, sleeps the emperor whose love for her ended not with death.

Shah Jehan was born about 1592 and died in 1666. Mumtaz Mahal died in 1629. The building of the Taj Mahal was from 1629 to 1651.—Ex.

Beautiful, given in the sign-language.
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School for the Deaf at Algiers

While on our first European trip, we learned from Mr. Henri Gaillard of Paris, that there were many French deaf living in the cities of Algeria and the Colonial School for the Deaf Children was located in the capital city, Algiers. Our second trip to Europe was by way of the Mediterranean. Our ship, the Vulcania, reached Algiers the morning of July 3, 1931.

We bargained with an Arab taxi man to drive us there, and back for thirty francs, without any additional charge for waiting. A steep winding asphalt road, in some places as steep as Kansas City's Petticoat Lane, took us to the gate of the school. A high plastered wall enclosed the school and its grounds. The gate keeper told us that the school was closed for the summer, but when we asked for the principal, he reluctantly led us to the principal, where the principal, or director, was living. A woman of pleasant appearance met us at the door. She was Madame Ayrole, the wife of Fernand Ayrole, Director of the Colonial Institute for Deaf-Mutes. When we presented our card, containing besides our name, the words, Missouri School for the Deaf, Fulton, Missouri, and the initials, U. S. A., she seemed mystified. The average, and often the well educated resident of Europe, Asia or Africa, know as little of the geography of our country as we do of the countries of the Old World. If the lady never heard of Fulton and Missouri before, this should not be taken as a reflection on her geographical knowledge, as she was a woman of intelligence and refinement. She was as animated as Mr. Ayrole was reserved, and did most of the talking. From them we learned that the school had an enrollment of seventy children, all white, taught by six teachers, and the pure-oral method was used exclusively. The school consists of several whitewashed brick buildings, much in need of repair. The lawns were not well kept, and hardly any of them offered enough level space for playgrounds.

That evening, before boarding the ship, we joined the promenaders on the boulevards. While on the street leading towards the Arab quarter, we saw three youths talking in signs. Of course, we accosted them, introduced ourselves and conversed with them in the sign language for fifteen minutes. We were unmindful of the crowd of whites and Arabs that gathered around us. The youths were products of the Colonial School for the Deaf at Villa Scaila, and were of average intelligence. From them we gathered that there were between forty and fifty adult white deaf people living in Algiers, most of them being married.—Peter T. Hughes, in the Missouri Record.

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Sept. 12—Particulars later.
Oct. 15—Halloween. Edward Baum
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If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

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Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 962 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.
Religious Services held every Friday evening, eight-thirty. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

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Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.
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Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.
Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, 7 Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 p.m., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
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Church services every Sunday at 3 p.m. Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.
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Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.
143 West 125th Street, New York City.
Club Rooms open the year round.
Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 p.m. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome.
President: Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes
Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.
SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS
February 27—"Leap Year Ballon." Mrs. Ida Klopach.
March 26—Lecture. Mr. C. Terry.
April 23—Bunco and Old-Fashioned Games. Miss Sadie Laverty.
May 21—"Poverty Party." Emma Schnakenberg.
June 11—Gallaudet. Mrs. H. Leibsohn.
October 29—Halloween Party. Miss Avis Allen.
November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams.
December 17—Christmas Festival.
MRS. WEISENSTEIN, Chairman

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Detroit Association of the Deaf
Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

Manhattan Division, No. 87
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Joseph Wozel, 1907 Loring Place, Bronx, N. Y. City.

W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)
Meets at the "Marlotte" Building, 201 South Third Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Business meetings on every third Friday of each month. Socials and other affairs will be advertised in the JOURNAL. Silent movies 2d and 4th Sunday evening of each month except June, July and August. Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit the club room.

THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., also meets at same place every first Friday of each month. Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Hallow'en Party.....Sat., Oct. 29th
Thanksgiving Dance.....Wed., Nov. 23d
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